

too, threading its serpentine length along the coast, we descry, and cunningly know that it finds its termini west and east from Oran to Tunis. Behind still reigns the nomadic Arab.

TUNIS.

On Wednesday morning the Captain calls us early—he had been on the bridge all night—to see our first port of call, for we are slowing down off Goulette, the port of Tunis. 'Bon jour M'ieur.' 'Il fait chaud!' 'Fait bon voyage!' and we are at the instant at home, freely calling up our best French, and with sly vanity impressing the foreigner with a due sense of our importance, and speaking the language of the country as 'to the manor born.' They are none too communicative, the health officer, pilot and officials, for they look with distrust on all who hail from the restless shores of 'perfidious Albion.' But all the world is ours for the time, and we enter the canal—nine miles long—to the city of Tunis with light hearts, and survey the sandy beaches that line the waterway to the city. The soldiers at the port turn out and beat the 'rat-tan' after the manner of French soldiers, and make the echo of the 'aëry shell' resound to the blare of trumpet call. We respond airily to the salute and steam ahead for Tunis. It is now breakfast-time, or half past eight of the clock. Coming on deck we find anchor dropped in the stream and the busy boats round the steamer tell us we are at Tunis. Tunis is a *replique* of a southern French city, and in its buildings, cathedral—all of glaring white stone—boulevards, and language remind one of Marseilles on a smaller scale. There are here in all some 200,000 souls, made up of 80,000 Europeans, 40,000 Jews, and 80,000 Arabs—for there is here an Arab quarter which changeth not. We stay not long in the city, for we have a classic eye for the remnants of a glorious past, and are soon bowling along in open chaise behind two wiry Arab steeds in quest of

CARTHAGE.

The ruins before us will show how ruthlessly was carried on the fell resolve of the Roman senate, *Delenda est Carthago*! Now Carthage, though overhanging the sea, is some 10 good miles from Tunis, but provisioned with some knowledge and a good local guide we hie to the city we read of when lumbering through the pages of Virgil—and with more toil than discernment at length knew that 'all kept silence on the hills of Dido,' and that the Tyrian Queen longed to hear from the lips of the sea-worn *Aeneas* the story of his harassing woes and of the 'lamentable' kingdom. Then from his lofty couch was told in the great epic the story of the fates, and fortunes, and woes of Troy. We thrill as we near the classic ground and see beaming from high hill the noble church erected by Cardinal Lavignerie to the ever-green memory of Saint Louis, King of France, who, in the battle for the Cross, fell here in fight with the swarthy Saracen. We are in Carthage—a soil redolent of great things and great people, and great deeds done in the misty past. There is abundant evidence, too, here of generations of great people. No mere conjecture—for the state of Punic and Roman and early Christian settlements are unmistakably and artistically marked in the soil of the Tyrian City. Cardinal Lavignerie, of happy and saintly memory, has done much to establish the claims of the past, and excavations made, and still being made, have unearthed wonderful and startling proofs of great and glorious records.

CLASSIC GROUNDS.

We visited, on the brow of the hill, topped by the noble cathedral, the amphitheatre where, among others, St. Perpetua won her palm of martyrdom, the acropolis with many sarcophagi in cinerary urns, the house marked by tradition as the home of Hannibal, so long the terror of Rome, and other places of interest, as the mansion of Scipio Africanus, the temple of Venus the ruins marking the site of the capital of Regulus, and other land-marks of Roman rule up to the first peep of history, when Dido 'not a stranger to misfortune had learned to help the woe-stricken.' 'Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.'

There were giants in those days. The mausoleum raised to the memory of St. Louis is falling into decay—a modern amid ancient ruins—but the name and the cause and the country of this hero of France are perpetuated in the magnificent church that, rising in grandeur on the hill-top, marks the triumph of the Cross, the protecting genius of modern Carthage gathering under its shadow. All around the base the ocean runs clear as crystal, blue as sapphire and green as malachite, rolls in soft music as it did in earlier days when across the sea, 'Scylla wept and chid her barking waves into attention, and fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.' This is the home and centre of the 'White Fathers' who minister through darker Africa, and in monastery, church, museum, have written on the site of an earlier classic age the victory of the Faith which conquereth the world. The museum is richly stored with proofs of this 'earlier age' and unfolds in mosaics, coins, lamps, jewellery, statues, pillars, sarcophagi, skulls, bones, cinerary urns, some of the riches of the generations of robust, heroic, cultured souls that are swept into the hereafter.

'I was awe-struck,
'And as I passed, I worshipt; if those you seek,
'It were a journey like the path of heaven,
'To help you find them.'

Below the hill, repugnant to the classic memories writ so deep and wide, winds the modern railway and at a simple wayside station pitched in the sand and scrub you read in blatant letters, 'Carthage.' The country about seems arid, dry, sandy, dreary, covered in patches here and there with flocks of black and tawny goats, and fat-tailed, mud-colored sheep with a camel now and again to relieve, in charge of lonely shepherds with crook and cloak and flowing robes, as you see pictured in scenes which tell of pastoral simplicity in the East. Oxen are here, too, yoked to primitive ploughs and lazily scratch the soil—silent witnesses of an age and a people that change not much. After a kind reception by the good 'White Fathers' and a hasty visit to the noble cathedral we are off

on the high road to Tunis, madly careering behind the magic power of our tall, imposing, silent Jehu, what time the said labored ox

'In his loose traces from the furrow came,
'And the unasked lodger at his supper sat.'

Before reaching Tunis we tarried to visit the Jewish cemetery where flagstones, all horizontal, tell the departed worth of the Semite. A novel scene and a pathetic greeted us. On many tombstones were groups of Jewesses, white-robed, with lofty coifs, dark and obese, lamenting the departed. In sobs and wails, rising and falling, they droned their dreary dirge, swaying to and fro with their emotions, and dewing the flagstones with copious tears. But our rising sympathies met a rude shock when we were told that this function of wailing or 'keening' is a business, and month by month are the professionals retained to wail and lament on the tombstones of the Semites who have passed over to the majority. Still was it a novel sight. 'Their part was more than human as they lay; I took it for a fairy vision.'

A visit to the Cathedral of Tunis—new, imposing, handsome—a drive through the bazaars, a look at the ancient slave-market, a glance down the gay boulevards, a peep at the slummy Arab quarters, and we are aboard the Syrian Prince, bound for Malta.

THE SYDNEY DIVORCE CASE.

SOME NEWSPAPER VERDICTS.

PRESSING demands have been made upon us by subscribers from various parts of the Colony for information regarding the singular divorce case that was concluded in Sydney on December 14 by the disagreement of the jury, of whom eight were in favor of the co-respondent (the Very Rev. Dr. O'Haran) and four against. We intend at the proper time to have something to say regarding the case. In the meantime those of our readers who desire information on the matter will find the facts of the case well summed up in the following extracts which we take from a number of Australian papers.

'In this case,' says an esteemed contemporary, 'it was sought, on the uncorroborated word of one woman, of self-confessed immoral character, to disgrace a dignitary of the Catholic Church, and to gain at the same time a sum of £5000. The Very Rev. Dr. O'Haran was accused, as everyone knows, of adultery with a Mrs. Coningham. The trial lasted for ten days, and during that time there was absolutely no point of evidence raised against the priest except the glibly repeated evidence of the respondent; while for the defence it was proved that on two occasions, sworn to definitely by her as times of committal of the offence at certain places, Dr. O'Haran was elsewhere. Furthermore, the evidence went to demonstrate that on the Sunday nights selected by the Coninghams—the first Sunday in the month—it was impossible that the priest could have been away from his duties.' 'We sincerely regret,' says the *Launceston Monitor*, 'that there has been such a disagreement (of the jury). But that there has been a disagreement cannot for one moment shake our opinion that there was only one verdict that could be given by an unprejudiced and impartial tribunal.' And such, too, is the unanimous verdict of all the Australian papers that, so far as we know, have dealt with the merits of this extraordinary case.

THE 'ARGUS.'

The great Melbourne daily, the *Argus*, of December 15, says: 'The fact of a cleric of any denomination who has lived in the odor of sanctity and respect being joined as co-respondent in such a case would create a scandal of the first magnitude, grievously distressing the few and pandering to the morbid curiosity of the many. . . . It needs high courage to stand undaunted in such a pillory, although the possibility of battling through an ordeal of this kind without the permanent loss of reputation was proved many years ago by the late Henry Ward Beecher. But in the Coningham-O'Haran case the perturbation was accentuated by the position of the co-respondent as a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church. As a consequence, the accusation levelled against him was seized upon as a pretext for reassociating religious antagonisms, which have raged fiercely in Sydney of late. The Divorce Court, or at least its environments, became a battleground for the sectaries. . . . To some extent the court certainly did become an arena for religious controversy. Doctrinal tenets of the Romish Church were dragged into discussion for the purpose of suggesting that the oath of Catholics, merely because they are Catholics, may be disregarded in weighing evidence. The husband who protested himself betrayed, and the wife who confessed herself shamed, were in practical alliance to sheet home the charge. She was the only witness on whom he relied, and the necessity for guardedly receiving evidence of this class in an action for pecuniary damages is obvious. Especially was this the case after the extraordinary revelation which led Coningham's counsel to throw up his brief at an early stage of the hearing. Under other circumstances this disclosure might have preluded the abrupt collapse of the case. But once more the peculiar ranging of the parties became apparent. The wife did not set up the plea of condonation—she was concerned not to defeat but to assist the petitioner. On Dr. O'Haran's side there was, of course, no desire to have it affirmed that an offence had been condoned which the co-respondent solemnly swore had never been committed. For Dr. O'Haran nothing could be satisfactory save vindication conclusive and complete.

'Day after day since then a dual has been in progress between the petitioner, aggressive, excited, vindictive, and the priest, firm, unflinching, collected, despite the terrible stake at issue for him. Whichever way the sentiment of the jury may have swayed it was impossible for them to ignore the fact that Dr. O'Haran called